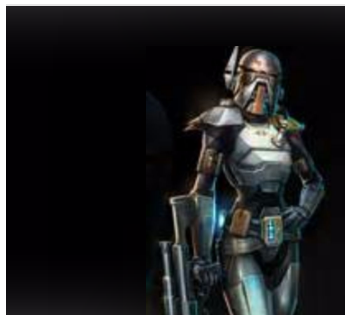




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Chapter 1 by Glowy-Druglord

"Callipecte," one of the Mandalorians called from the ship. "Where are you going? Are we supposed to go to Coruscant to meet up with that ambassador?"

The female Mandalorian was outside of her ship, her visor tilted upwards to stare down the stars. Her two blasters were holstered on her hips, her vibro-blade sheathed on her back. Something about the stars from the planet they were on intrigued her, more than seeing the stars from the cockpit. Her crews' voices reached her, but she plainly ignored them. It had been several months since she was able to stay on a planet and star gaze for a few hours. After all, an ambassador could wait for her. A ruthless bounty hunter like her needed something to take her breath away for just a few minutes, not stare down at her victims twenty four-seven.

"Seriously," a deep voice sounded beside her helmet. The Bounty Hunter nearly jumped out of her armor, her hand flicking down towards her blaster. "Easy, killer. I didn't mean to startle you." She looked down and over her shoulder at the armored Sith behind her. She felt applied pressure to her wrist, he had caught ahold of it before she could put a blaster bolt between his eyes. His mask revealed nothing, but his voice held an emotion she could not figure out. Jerking

her wrist from his grasp, Callipecte turned to face him, her helmet tilt upwards slightly to look at him.

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"You should really make s... to him. She took a challenging step towards him, the forehead of her helmet inches from his. "Shouldn't you be

back on Korriban? Where your "Sith" buddies hang out? Besides, I don't need you on my ship anymore. It was a one mission deal, Revan." Using her hand, she shoved the Sith Lord out of her way, heading towards her ship.

Revan snorted with amusement, causing Callipe to scowl behind her helmet. "Did you forget? I saved your sorry ass back on Felucia, you owe me one. Besides, the ambassador is waiting."

Callipe stopped short, her breath stopping in her throat. Her teeth clenched together with rage, her hands folding into fists. Her head whipped around, Revan was lucky that her face was hidden behind her helmet. She turned her body slightly, the light from the hull of her ship partially illuminating the scratched up Mandalorian symbol on her chest.

"I owe you nothing," she hissed, her voice dangerously quiet. "We were the ones who were fulfilled the contract, you didn't have to tag along with us." She noticed from her peripheral vision his hand brushing aside his cloak and a portion of his lightsaber hilt was brought into view. Faster than a blur, Callipe's left blaster was in her hand and aimed direct between his eyes. She was slowly reaching for her vibro-blade, encase he might dodge her blast bolt and attack her with his lightsaber.

Callipe narrowed her eyes, curling her index finger around the trigger of her blaster. "You going to make a move, Revan? Or are you just going to stand there and stare deadcenter at the end of my blaster?" Her foot shifted backwards, unsheathing her vibro-blade. She kept her trained eyes on his hand, her finger trembling slightly with effort.

Revan chuckled lowly, letting his cloak drape back over his lightsaber hilt. Callipe lowered her arm slightly, keeping the sights on him. She sheathed her vibro-blade.

"You're the most feisty and stubborn Mandalorian hunter I've ever met," he told her with a mildly amused tone.

"I like to keep it that way," she told him, with a growl in her tone. "You're not coming with us." She

will beat it trained on him as he began to walk to her ship. "I've just about had it with your Sith bullshit. Don't even bother to tell me I should join you. I'll be there with my fist slamming against the button, shutting the hull of the ship, and then I'll be in the pilot's seat, quickly flipping switches and pushing buttons."

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"Where's Revan? I received a message from the ambassador that we were supposed to bring him with us." The biggest Mandalorian lifted his wrist and flicked it out towards Callipe, the holographic person standing in thin air.

"He's outside my ship, looking like a complete dumbass who's confused as to why I won't let him come," Callipe spat.

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